

Sanders & Stayman

SELL THE BEST

PIANO

For \$250.00

To be found anywhere.
ON EASY PAYMENTS
TOO.

This is an instrument that is equal to \$325 elsewhere.
We have several of this particular make of Pianos—only slightly used—for \$200 and \$225.

Sanders & Stayman Co.
1327 F Street.

Store Closes 5 o'Clock.

1 o'Clock on Saturday.

AMUSEMENTS.

BELASCO—TO-NIGHT
At 8:15
BEN GREY
PLAYERS
Thurs., Fri., Sat. Mat. and Night.
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
Next Week—
Sat. Mat. and Night.
Sun. Mat. and Night.
The "Tempest" and "The Merchant of Venice" Fri., Sat. Mat. and Night.
The "Comedy of Errors" Sat. Mat. and Night.

COLUMBIA
To-night
At 8:15 Sharp
THE COLUMBIA
PLAYERS
In "SALOME JANE"
Next Week—
Sat. Mat. and Night.
Sun. Mat. and Night.
The "Tempest" and "The Merchant of Venice" Fri., Sat. Mat. and Night.
The "Comedy of Errors" Sat. Mat. and Night.

NATIONAL
ABORN GRAND OPERA CO.
To-night
Saturday
Mat. Sat.
Next Week—SEATS NOW ON SALE.
Special Matinee Monday (25c & 50c).
Mon. (Mat.), Tues. Wed. & Mat. Wed.
TRAVIATA
Thurs., Fri. and Sat. Mat. Sat.
ROGIELLO
SUNDAY NIGHT AT 8.

GRAND OPERATIC CONCERT
By the Principals and Chorus of the
ABORN GRAND OPERA CO.
Personal Direction of CARLO NICOSIA.
SEATS, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00—NOW ON SALE.

ALL CARS TRANSFER TO THE
CASINO THEATRE
7th & F Sts.
Most Perfectly Fitted Theater in America.
ALL THIS WEEK.
THE GIRL OF MYSTERY
AMERICA'S BEST PICTURE PLAYS.
Prices: EVENINGS, 100 and 20c.
Performances: From 1:30 p. m. to 5 p. m. and from 7:30 p. m. to 11 p. m.

Through the Courtesy of Mrs. Taft.
The Coburn Players
Friday, June 17, 8:30 p. m., "THEY'RE RIGHT."
Saturday, June 18, 8:30 p. m., "AS YOU LIKE IT."
With Local Chorus of 50 Voices, Under Direction of Miss Alice Hamilton.
WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS.
Benefits of Children's Playgrounds.
Tickets, 10c (entire), 50c (reserved), \$2.00 (in sale).
Dr. Arthur Smith, M. D., and Alice L. Jones, M. D., both of West Point, Va., and Sarah K. Pollock, M. D., Daniel C. MacLeod.

THE ARCADE, 1410 Street and Park Road.
Roller Skating
25c—EVENINGS—25c
TO THE MIDWAY AND BALLROOM.
FLEX USE OF SKATES.
10-AFTERNOONS—10c
Many other local features, including Pool, Billiards, Bowling, Japanese Roll Ball, Shuffleboard, and the best moving pictures in town.

AMERICAN LEAGUE
BALL GROUND
HIPPODROME
OPENS MON. EVE.
JUNE 20TH

MASONIC AUDITORIUM 15TH ST. & AVE.
Every Eve. From 7:30 to 10:30
MOVING PICTURES
ALL SEATS, 10c AND VAUDEVILLE ALL SEATS, 10c.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Wills S. White, 38, and Fannie C. Somers, 44, both of Richmond, Va. Rev. Donald C. MacLeod.
Charles O. Boring, 25, and Blanche L. Pusey, 25, both of Bagley, Iowa. Rev. Charles E. Guthrie.
Frank J. McLaughlin, 35, of Omaha, Va., and Gertrude L. State, 34, of South Boston, Va. Rev. Thomas E. McGuigan.
Edward L. Woodruff, 35, and Annie M. Feltz, 18, both of Petersburg, Va. Rev. S. H. Greene.
Gilbert L. Smith, 25, of Baltimore, Md., and Rose A. Monaghan, 25, of Clarence E. Wheeler.
Lester M. Miller, 31, and Alice L. Jones, 21, both of West Point, Va. Rev. Donald C. MacLeod.
Daniel L. High, 38, and Sarah K. Pollock, 41, Rev. Donald C. MacLeod.

MENUS AND RECIPES.

TO-DAY'S MENU.
BREAKFAST.
Cereal with Cream
Baked Eggs
Fried Potatoes
Baking Powder Biscuits
Coffee
LUNCH.
Gâteau of Lobster
Cucumber Salad
Rice
Cake
DINNER.
Cream of Lettuce Soup
Roast Ducklings
Apple Sauce
Fried Egg Plant
New Potatoes
Strawberry Ice Cream
Coffee

Recipes.
Gâteau of Lobster—Boil half a piglet of milk and pour over half a pound of breadcrumbs, add two tablespoons of salt, two tablespoons of butter, seasoning of white and red pepper, and yolks of three eggs. Pound this mixture with one can of lobster. Turn it into a buttered mold, sprinkle in two tablespoons of brown bread crumbs, then bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes. Turn out and garnish with parsley.
Fried Egg Plant—Cut into slices, egg and crumb, and fry in smoking hot fat; this gives a less greasy dish than when it is sautéed in a pan.

Special Services for Graduates.
Special services for members of the parish, who are in graduating classes this year, will be held at Grace Baptist Church, Ninth and D street southeast, at 7:45 o'clock Sunday evening. The church will be decorated with school banners and colors. Rev. F. W. Johnson, the pastor, will preach.

RENT people just too peculiar for anything. Ruth" announced her artistic friend, tragically, she climbed our piazza steps and accepted my invitation to stop and rest for a moment.

"Very," I admitted, inwardly recalling my grandfather's oft repeated story of "All the world is a bit queer but me and thee, and sometimes I think there is a little queer," but what happened to make you think of that?"

My artistic friend sank back in an artistic pose. "My dear," she assured me, "I've just been to call on the new people. And that apartment—really, it's impossible. And yet it is evident they have plenty of money. Why need people make such a mess of things when they could have them so lovely?"

Do you think I ought to have changed the subject? For I didn't. Instead, I took out my mental note book and spurred my artistic friend to find all the fault she could. For you see she has very good taste, and I thought a few hints on what not to have in a house might prove valuable.

The rugs came in for the first condemnation. "The first thing I saw in the reception room," said the artistic lady, "was the rug. It was an expensive rug, big, brilliant, with huge scrawly figures. It just hit me in the eyes, and you know you never should see a carpet at all. You simply should be conscious of its being a part of the general harmony."

"And then the chairs were all hung with tidies," she went on soothingly. "Now, on a cushion chair, I will admit a perfectly simple square of linen that keeps the cushions from musing, is permissible, but these were crocheted and ribbon affairs, and they were hung on every chair in the room, including two wicker ones, where there was absolutely no excuse for them."

"They've got the living-room done in that huge mason furniture, which is absolutely no idea of picture hanging. Most people have far too many pictures, but they have fully three times too many. You know you shouldn't hang engravings and paintings in the same room if you can avoid it, and never on the same wall, and it's much better not to have landscapes and portraits together. But they haven't a single wall in the rooms I saw without a combination of portraits and landscapes and paintings and engravings."

(Just here I gave a quick mental scrutiny of some of my own walls and decided that a little revision wouldn't be a bad thing.)
"But, my dear, that's nothing to what I am going to tell you. Hold your breath—they have several of those beautiful plates with ribbons run through them, hung on the walls. Can you imagine anything more awful?"
"Then there are two or three of those absurd mantels, not over a fireplace or stove, but simply stuck on."
"The piano was absolutely cluttered with ornaments. You know there never should be anything set on a piano. It spoils the tone in the first place, and in the second place it's bad taste. A piano is a musical instrument, not a whatnot."
"And then, my dear—"

But why was the last offense of the new people I never knew. For suddenly there appeared trotting up our garden path two as adorable little kiddies as I ever saw. My artistic friend gasped in artistic ecstasy. "Those are they," she inquired.
The eldest angel-face answered:
"Mother said for me to take it over to the pretty lady," he announced, producing one of my artistic friend's daintiest handkerchiefs, which she had evidently left at the new people's. "You left it on the sofa."
As the two kiddies departed some time later, after having been duly fêted with mother's best cookies, and having proven as angel-dispositioned as they were angel-faced, the artistic lady gazed after them thoughtfully.
"Well, I must admit one thing," she announced, gravely. The new people may not have very good taste about houses, but they certainly have about kiddies."
RUTH CAMERON.

WHEN A MAN MARRIES

The Novel from Which the Play "Seven Days" Was Made.
By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART,
Author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man in Lower Ten."
Copyright, 1910, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER V.

From the Tree of Love.

There is hardly any use trying to describe what followed. Anne Brown began to cry, and talk about the children. (She went to Europe once and stayed until they all got over the whooping-cough.) And Dallas said he had a pull, because his mill controlled I forget how many votes, and the thing to do was to be quiet and comfortable and we would get out in the morning. Max took it as a huge joke, and somebody found him at the telephone, calling up his club. The Mercer girls were hysterically giggling, and Aunt Selma sat on a stiff-backed chair and took aromatic spritzes of ammonia. As for Jim, he had collapsed on the lowest step of the stairs, and sat there with his head in his hands. When he did look up, he didn't dare to look at me.

The Harbison man was arguing with the impassive individual on the top step outside, and I saw him get out his pocket-book and offer a crisp bundle of bills. But the man from the board of health only smiled and tucked at his offensive sign. After a while Mr. Harbison came in and closed the door, and we stared at one another.

"I know what I'm going to do," I said, swallowing a lump in my throat. "I'm going to get out through a basement window at the back. I'm going home."

"Home!" Aunt Selma gasped, jumping up and almost dropping her ammonia bottle. "My dear Bella! Home?"

Jimmy groaned at the foot of the stairs, but Anne Brown was setting over her tears and now she turned on me in a temper. "It's all your fault," she said. "I was going to stay at home and get a little sleep."

"Well, you can sleep now," Dallas broke in. "There'll be nothing to do but sleep."

"I think you haven't grasped the situation, Dad," I said loudly. "There will be plenty to do. There isn't a servant in the house!"

"No servants!" everybody cried at once. The Mercer girls stopped giggling. "Holy cats!" Max stopped in the act of hanging up his overcoat. "Do you mean—why, I can't shave myself! I'll cut my head off!"

"You'll do more than that," I retorted grimly. "You will carry coal and tend fires and empty ash pans, and when you are not doing any of those things there will be pots and pans to wash and beds to make."

Then there was a row. We had worked back to the den now, and I stood in front of the fireplace and let the storm beat around me, and tried to look perfectly cold and indifferent, and not to see Mr. Harbison's shocked face. No wonder he thought them a lot of savages, browbeating their hosts! But I was not alone. I was a foot thing anyhow. Max Reed wound up, "to celebrate the anniversary of a divorce—especially—!" Here he caught Jimmy's eye and stopped. But I suddenly remembered. Bella down in the basement!

Could anything have been worse? And of course she would have hysteria, and then turn on me and blame me for it all. I all came over me at once and overwhelmed me, while Anne was crying and saying she wouldn't cook if she starved for it, and Aunt Selma was taking off her wraps. I felt queer all over, and I sat down suddenly. Mr. Harbison was looking at me, and he brought me a glass of wine.

"It won't be so bad as you fear," he said comfortingly. "There will be no danger once we are vaccinated, and many hands make light work. They are pretty raw now, because the thing is new to them, but by morning they will be reconciled."

"Isn't the work; it is something entirely different," I said. And it was. Bella and work could hardly be spoken in the same breath. I was not alone. I was a foot thing anyhow. Max Reed wound up, "to celebrate the anniversary of a divorce—especially—!" Here he caught Jimmy's eye and stopped. But I suddenly remembered. Bella down in the basement!

Well, we looked funny, no doubt. Bella in a Russian pony automobile coat over the black satin she had worn at the Cleveland's dinner, and I in cream lace, the skirt gathered up from the kitchen floor, with Bella's emerald pelerine around my bare shoulders, and dishes and overturned chairs everywhere.

But it was my turn to be Bella. From behind the furnace was "the most terrible sound," as I called it, that fairly paralyzed the silk of my nerves. We stood petrified for an instant. Then Bella laughed. "They are not all gone," she said carefully. "Some one is asleep there."

We tiptoed to where we could see around the furnace, and sure enough, some one was asleep there. Only, it was not one of the servants; it was a portly policeman, with a newspaper and an empty plate on the floor on one side, and a champagne bottle on the other. He had slid down in his chair, with his back to the wall, and his head and his feet had rolled a dozen feet away. Bella had to clap her hand over her mouth.

"Fairly caught," she whispered. "Sarah Rinehart, the greatest actress of the day, and his lawless service!"

of allowing her to carry through the wretched farce about seeing Takahiro! Or if I had only run to the basement the moment the house was quarantined, and got her out the rearway of the coal hole, and now I was flying. In the midst of the excitement I slipped away to carry the news to Bella. She was where I had left her, and she had made herself a cup of tea, and was very much at home, which was natural.

"Do you know," she said ominously, "that you have been away for two hours; and that I have gone through agonies of nervousness for fear Jim Wilson would come down and think I came here to see him?"

"No one would think that, Bella," I said. "I was just starting back at her. She looked at me over the edge of her cup."

"I'll run along now," she said, "since Takahiro isn't here. And if Jim has any sense at all, he will clear out every minute. I never saw such a kitchen in all my life. Well, lead the way, Kit. I suppose they are deep in bridge, or roulette, or something."

"What's the matter? You needn't think I'm alone because Jim has a justification to celebrate his divorce."

"He was Takahiro—in the ambulance," I blurted. "Smallpox. We—Bella, we are shut in, quarantined."

She didn't faint. She just sat down and stared at me, and then she started at her. Then a miserable alarm clock on the table suddenly went off like an explosion, and Bella began to laugh. I knew what that was—hysteria. She always would have a seizure when things went wrong. I was quite despairing by that time; I hoped they would all hear her and come down stairs and take her up and put her to bed like a Christian, and she could giggle her soul out. But after a bit she quieted down and began to cry softly, and I knew the worst was over.

I gave her a shake, and she was so sure that she got over it altogether. "Kit, you see what a position I am in? I am not going upstairs to face Anne and the rest of the crowd. You can just put me in the coat closet."

"Isn't there a window you could get through?" I asked desperately. "Locking the door doesn't shut up a whole house."

Bella's courage revived at that, and she said yes, there were windows, plenty of them, only she didn't see how she could get out. And I said she would have to get out, because you must have known that when I was playing Bella in the performance, and I didn't care to have an understudy. Then the situation dawned on her, and she sat up and laughed herself breathless. "Of course she wanted to stay, then, and see the fun out. But I was firm; she would have to go, and I told her so. Things were complicated enough without her."

Well, we looked funny, no doubt. Bella in a Russian pony automobile coat over the black satin she had worn at the Cleveland's dinner, and I in cream lace, the skirt gathered up from the kitchen floor, with Bella's emerald pelerine around my bare shoulders, and dishes and overturned chairs everywhere.

But it was my turn to be Bella. From behind the furnace was "the most terrible sound," as I called it, that fairly paralyzed the silk of my nerves. We stood petrified for an instant. Then Bella laughed. "They are not all gone," she said carefully. "Some one is asleep there."

We tiptoed to where we could see around the furnace, and sure enough, some one was asleep there. Only, it was not one of the servants; it was a portly policeman, with a newspaper and an empty plate on the floor on one side, and a champagne bottle on the other. He had slid down in his chair, with his back to the wall, and his head and his feet had rolled a dozen feet away. Bella had to clap her hand over her mouth.

"Fairly caught," she whispered. "Sarah Rinehart, the greatest actress of the day, and his lawless service!"

But after we got over our surprise, we saw the situation was serious. The policeman was threatening to awaken. Once he stopped snoring to yawn noisily, and we beat a hasty retreat. Bella switched off the lights in a hurry and locked the door behind us. We hardly breathed until we were back in the kitchen, and everything quiet. And then Jimmy called my name from up above somewhere.

"I am going to call him down, Bella," I said firmly. "Get him help you out. I'm sure I don't see why I should have all this when the two of you—"

"Oh, no, no! Surely, Kit, you wouldn't be so cruel!" she whispered pleadingly. "You know what a position I am in. He-oh, Kit, let them all get settled for the night, and then come down, like a dear, and help me out. I know loads of ways—honestly I do."

"If I leave you here," I debated, "what about the policeman?"

Kit, he declared miserably. "In the first place, for all you are down on me, is it my fault? Honestly, now, is it my fault?"

I refused to speak. "I was coming home to be miserable alone," he went on, "and—oh, I know you meant well, Kit, but you asked all these crazy people here."

"Perhaps you will give me credit for some things," I said wearily. "I did not give Takahiro smallpox, for instance, and—if you will permit me to mention the fact—Aunt Selma is not my Aunt Selma."

"That's what I wanted to speak to you about," Jimmy went on wretchedly, trying not to look at me. "You see, when they were rowing so about who would get the breakfast—I never saw such a lot of people; half of them never touch breakfast, but of course now they want all kinds of things—when they were talking, Aunt Selma said she knew you would get it, being the hostess, and responsible, besides knowing where things are kept." He had fixed his eyes on the orchids, and he looked shrunken, actually shrunken. "I thought," he finished, "you might give me a few pointers now, and I could come down in the morning, and in the morning to Anna Brown and Lella Mercer and the rest; and that I will have the shaving water ready—"

"I know what I'm going to do," Jimmy said, with a sudden resolution. "Aunt Selma and her money can go to blazes. I am going right upstairs and tell her the truth—she is going to be shut out, and all the rest of it." He opened the door.

"You'd do nothing of the kind," I gasped, catching him in time. "Don't you dare, Jimmy Wilson! Why, what would they think of me? After letting her call me Bella, and him—Jim, if Mr. Harbison ever learns the truth—I will take poison. I'm afraid you are going to use her together, we will have to carry it on. I couldn't stand the disgrace."

In spite of an heroic effort, Jim looked relieved. They have been hunting for the linen closet, he said more cheerfully, "and there will be room enough. I think. Harbison and I will hang out in the studio; there are two couches there. I'm afraid you'll have to take Aunt Selma, Kit."

"Certainly," I said coldly. That was the way it was all along. Whenever there was something to do, and no one else would undertake it, I was called upon. Responsibility—that entire mangled household turned with one gesture and pointed its finger at me! Well, it is over now. I ought not to be bitter, considering everything.

It was quite characteristic of that memorable evening that it was quite novel, I think, that my interview with Jimmy should have a sensational ending. He was terribly down, of course, and as I was trying to pass him to get to the door, he caught my hand.

"I'm a girl in a thousand, Kit," he said forlornly. "If I were not so damned, hopelessly, idiotically in love with somebody else, I should be crazy about you."

"Don't be maudlin," I retorted. "Would you mind letting my hand go?" I felt sure Bella could hear.

"Oh, come now, Kit," he implored, "we've always got to be well, well, shame to let a thing like this make us bad friends. Aren't you ever going to forgive me?"

"Never," I said promptly. "When I ever get away, I don't want ever to see you again. I was never so humiliated in my life. I loathe you!"

Then I turned around, and, of course, there was Aunt Selma with eyes protruding until you could have knocked them off with a stick, and beside her, very red and uncomfortable, Mr. Harbison.

"Bella!" she said in a shocked voice. "Is this the way you speak to your husband? It is high time I came here, I think, and took a hand in this affair."

"Oh, never mind, Aunt Selma," Jim said, with sheepish grin. "Bella is tired and nervous. This is a h-d-uce of a situation. No—servants, and all that."

But Aunt Selma did mind, and showed it. She pulled the unlucky Harbison man through the door and closed it, and then stood glaring at both of us.

"Every little quarrel is an apple knocked from the tree of love," she announced oratorically.

"This was a very little quarrel," Jim said, edging toward the door. "A green apple, Aunt Selma, a cocky little green apple. But she was not so diverted. 'Bella,' she said severely, 'you said you loathed him. You didn't mean that.'"

"But I do!" I cried hysterically. "There isn't any word to tell now I—how I detest him!"

Then I swept past them all and flew to Bella's dressing-room and locked myself in. Aunt Selma knocked until she was tired, then gave up and went to bed.

That was the night Anne Brown's pearl collar was stolen!

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

TRANSFER PATTERNS.
(Upon receipt of this pattern, ordered on coupon below, place the rough or glazed side of the pattern down on material to be stamped, then press hot flat-iron on the back or smooth side of the pattern. Be careful not to let pattern sink.)
Paris Transfer Pattern No. 5155
Wallachian towel end design 22 inches wide to be transferred to huckaback or a damask towel and embroidered with white or colored cotton thread. Two ends are given, the other end consisting of a simple scallop.

Washington Herald Pattern Coupon.
Name
Address
Size desired
Fill out the numbered coupon and cut out pattern, and enclose with 10 cents in stamps or coin, addressed to Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, Washington, D. C.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

SKANN-SONS & CO.

6th St. & Pa. Ave.
"THE BUSY CORNER"

LOT OF SAMPLE
LINGERIE WAISTS
Worth \$3 and \$3.50
At \$1.69

Made of the finest lingerie materials, trimmed with dainty laces and insertings, imported embroidery panels and openwork beading. Long and three-quarter length sleeves; yokes are straight trimmed effects. All sizes.

HEART AND HOME TALKS.

The Hatpin in Court.

In a large, if not the largest, metropolis of the West, an ordinance was recently drafted by the assistant city counsel and introduced into the council chamber to be passed upon by the city's elected representatives regulating the length of woman's hat pins. The ordinance made the hat pin wearer an offender if the point of the pin protruded more than half an inch from either side, top, back or front of the hat. The maximum penalty for violation of the ordinance was a fine of \$5.

Over in Paris and London in various museums are cases containing woman's apparel of bygone ages. Tourists pause before peculiarly shaped shoes, freak head-dresses, queer-looking gowns, and wonder audibly how women ever could have had so little sense as to wear such things. They pass on with a satisfied, virtuous feeling that they are far removed from exhibiting any such lack of sense in dress.

Yet in this twentieth century a city's representatives must pass a law to prevent women from jabbing any inoffensive person who may happen to be near them with pins which they carelessly permit to protrude from their hats to a dangerous extent.

Ever since woman has taken to wearing large hats and lengthy hatpins accidents from the protruding ends of the hatpins have been numerous. People have had their faces cut open; others eyes put out. These are actual facts, as the records of hospitals show. The very fact that a law has had to be passed shows how numerous and how serious such accidents have been.

Of course, the thinking woman does not wear her hatpins in this fashion. It is the unthinking woman who does it. But the reflection on woman's good sense from the practice falls, like the rain, on the just and the unjust. And while woman's carry dress and conduct to an extreme that either is ridiculous or must be legislated about, just so long will it be extremely difficult for the workers for women's progress to make headway. The woman who unthinkingly or carelessly does the things that bring ridicule or criticism upon her sex is retarding by just so much the coming of the many good things that the pioneers in women's advancement are trying to secure.

The woman who carelessly lets the point of her hatpin stick out two or three inches may not think it a matter of much moment. But she is one of the many who are causing a law to be passed that will be regarded by future generations in the same way that we now look upon the foolish and freakish dress of bygone ages.

It is to be hoped no other city will need to pass the law Chicago has had to pass, and that even in that city the mere passing of the measure will have worked a cure and that there will be no violation of it.

BARBARA BOYD.

CLASS VALEDICTORIAN.

Will E. Thea.

DISTRICT BOY HEADS CLASS.

Will E. Thea Valedictorian at Worcester Academy Commencement.

An item of local interest is found in the fact that in the commencement exercises of Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass., held yesterday, a young Washingtonian, Will E. Thea, was valedictorian. Mr. Thea is only twenty years old. He is preparing for Harvard, being the holder of the Bucknell prize scholarship and head monitor of the school. His residence in Washington is 1227 Morse street northeast.

Worcester Academy is a school of about 250 fellows. It had a first-class football team last fall, which succeeded in winning every game played, defeating such teams as Andover, Harvard and Dartmouth freshmen, and at present has track and baseball teams of the first rank.

WASHINGTON MAN HONORED.
Herbert W. Meyers Elected Judge Advocate at Seattle.
Herbert W. Meyers, formerly of this city and now a resident of Seattle, was elected judge advocate of the Department of Washington, Spanish War Veterans, at a meeting held at North Yakima, Wash., Mr. Meyers is practicing law in the Western city and is commander of McKinley Camp.

PHOTOGRAVURES ARE REAL WORKS OF ART

"The Doctor" Most Popular.

The art pictures put within reach of the readers of the Sunday edition of The Washington Herald at almost no cost are proving exceedingly popular.

Copies of these magnificent photo-gravures have been suitably framed and are hanging in the best homes of Washington.

There has been increasing interest in each succeeding picture. Beginning with Thomas Hovenden's wartime picture "In the Hands of the Enemy," and following with Edward Benson's "La Cigale" and now a copy of the celebrated painting "The Doctor" with its strong appeal to every household, wonder has grown that such works of art could be produced at so nominal a figure. The standard price in the art stores is \$2.00, and they sometimes sell even higher. They are really worth it, too.

It now seems that "The Doctor" will excel in popularity the preceding pictures, as an additional supply has become necessary.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

These are the days of specialization, and everywhere we are meeting with men and women who have achieved fame or are after fame in some one line. It is the surest road to a name-acre lot, who teaches school is better fitted for her daily work when she devotes the major part of her attention to it, and the stenographer who receives the highest salary is the one who is not side-tracked by other interests. In every field success is more a matter of close application than of endowment, as even genius has not yet found a way to escape the routine of preparation.

But every worker must have diversion, and it is one of a kind that contrasts with the real occupation of life. Sedate Chinese men fly kites for diversion, and we laugh at them, while we are busy with our own work. But a disengaged, however, are wholesome because they divert the mind, and there is a score more to be found at each stage of human endeavor.

There is a certain degree of business that is not a business when one is in the habit of doing it. For example, rowing, canoeing, and paddling a canoe, and enough pleasure and fun to make them worth the time and effort of the week. There are times when it would be well to know something of tennis and golf or the many indoor games which furnish amusement to mortals.

I have been paying special attention to the diversion of women recently, and I find a deal to admire in the sense of my sex. There are many feminine gardeners, many who drive motor cars and are able to make small repairs when the machinery goes wrong. There are mothers of small children with a goodly display of trophies won at tennis and golf, and their homes are models of neatness. As for the children, they are superior in every way to many of the mothers who make me ashamed of my clumsy swimming.

The woman who does not have to